The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

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Because of Thee.

My life has grown so dear to me
Because of thee!
My maiden with the eyes demure,
And quiet mouth and forehead pure,
Joy makes a Summer in my heart
Because thou art!

The very winds melodious be
Because of thee!
The rose is sweeter for thy sake,
The waves in softer music break,
On brighter wing the swallows dart
Because thou art!

My sky is swept of shadows free
Because of thee!
Sorrow and care have lost their sting,
The blossoms glow, the linnets sing,
All things in my delight have part
Because thou art!

THE FATAL QUARREL.

"But I say you shall not."

"And I say I will.

The speakers were husband and wife. The former leaned on the mantle-piece and frowned angrily, looking down at the latter as he spoke. The wife still sitting by the tea-table, for that meal had just been finished, did not glance up as she answered, but went on talking to her lap-dog in terms of fond endearment and feeding it with sugar.

Yes! they were husband and wife. Seven years before Carrie Dayton, just 18, freshly freed from the trammels of a boarding school, had launched forth into society with a head full of romantic ideas of love and marriage. There she had met with Harry Aylmer. To her he seemed almost a god, so far superior to all others that very speedily she found herself thinking more of him than any other admirer and listening with beating pulses to his tones.

And when he met Carrie Dayton he felt that he had encountered his fate. To him there was something irresistible in her bright freshness and beauty and in the winning gayety of her artless manners. Then the polished marble of her fair skin; the golden curls that fell around her shoulders; the bright blue eye, full of light—these all possessed rare attractions for this man, whose heart had been so long untouched. Day after day found him at her side, putting forth every effort to make himself agreeable. So after a few brief months they were married, and went forth to tread life's journey together. They traveled for a while, and the young bride, delighted with the new scenes opened up before her, was hardly conscious of the fact that his will, not her wishes, guided and controlled all their movements. It was very sweet to obey one she loved so fondly. At last they settled in a home of their own, replete with every comfort and luxury—and life began in earnest.

Now came the crisis. From early childhood Harry Aylmer had shown himself possessed of an iron will, stern and unyielding. Carrie, too, had a will of her own. For the first few months of marriage it was very pleasant for her to have him will for her—and gracefully she yielded; but at length the reins were drawn too tight, the intense selfishness of the husband became apparent even to Carrie, and there began to grow up a spirit of rebellion on her part, a desire to judge for herself sometimes and act accordingly. Matters grew from bad to worse.

Those pleasant little courtesies which serve to keep the love burning brightly on the domestic altar were by degrees utterly neglected, and the lamp of love grew dim. After the lapse of three years, however, a beautiful babe lay on the mother's bosom. Reconciliation ensued—not spoken, but tacitly agreed upon. Husband and wife seemed drawn together by this little golden link, and while the little angel gladdened their home happiness remained.

But a bitter time came, which should have served to unite those severed hearts more closely. The child sickened and died. When the stricken parents bowed over their dead each mentaly resolved to be all in all to each other, that no shadow should come between them; but the lips spoke not of the resolve made in their own strength—pride kept them silent.

As the months passed on the old spirit revived in each; and now, after a few years of wedded life, behold the pair whom "God has joined together," living in almost constant enmity—each heart hardened and cold, never a loving word or caress, only silence and upbraiding.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer had been asked to an evening party, and both had expected to go. But the husband had come home out of humor, which he proceeded to vent on his wife, concluding by saying he could not go to the party. Mrs. Aylmer, vexed at his manner even more than at his words, had replied, tartly, that she should go without him. "The invitation has been accepted; we have no good reason for staying away; and I, for one, intend to go!"

"But I say you shall not," said the husband, pushing his chair angrily back from the tea table, standing up, taking a turn across the floor, and then going to the mantle piece, where he stood, as we have described, looking gloomily down on his wife.

"And I say I will," was the retort, as the speaker turned away from the table, but retained her seat, and began to fondle her lap-dog. This was too much for the husband. The cool indifference cut him to the heart. With a smothered oath he flung himself out of the room, put on his hat in the hall and went off to his club.

When the door was heard banging after him Mrs. Aylmer rose from her chair, an angry light in her eyes.

"I only half meant it," she said, "but now I will go. If he had only asked me to remain kindly; if he said he was sick, or even tired; if he had smiled on me I would have stayed at home. But I will not be ordered."

Never had she dressed with more care. Never had she looked more beautiful than when she entered her carriage to drive to the ball.

After a couple of hours the husband came home, for by this time his anger was over, and he felt rather ashamed of himself. His rage returned, however, when he found that Mrs. Aylmer had really gone, for he had persuaded himself that after all she would remain. "How dare she defy me thus?" he cried angrily. But after a while came calmer thoughts. His mind began to wander over past years. His heart yearned for the mother of his babe. Memory, with her busy fingers, had unlocked the chambers of his heart, and her softening influence was doing its work.

The hour grew late, and he began to wonder why she did not return. Opening the door, he looked into the deserted street. A strange dread stole over him, for nearer and nearer came the sound of wheels, driven rapidly. Hastening down, as the carriage reached the door, he was confronted by a man who sprang out, exclaiming breathlessly: "Mr. Aylmer, if you wish to see your wife alive, come with me." And forcing the terror-stricken husband into the vehicle, they were whirled away.

Returning from the party, Carrie Aylmer sat alone in her carriage, not thinking of the gay scene she had left, but of her unhappy married life. She was taking to herself much blame that she had not been more submissive, more forbearing, and wondering if it were too late to undo the evil. Tender thoughts of the husband, once so dear, were stealing into her heart. Suddenly there came the sound of men running, the cry of "fire!" the whir of the engine, the rear and plunge of horses, the ineffectual efforts of the driver to control them; then she was thrown violently forward, and all was darkness.

When the repentant husband had reached the side of his wife death had sealed her eyes. Some one had lifted her fair form and borne it into the nearest house, but the vital spark had fled. The injury was internal, and not a blemish broke the pure white surface of the marble face.

Carrie Aylmer never looked lovelier than now, when she lay there in her gala robes. Her dress of pale-blue silk, with its frost-work of lace and pearls, only made more pallid the rounded form, lately so full of life and health. She had passed away without pain, and very placid was the sweet face, fast growing cold in death.

Words cannot picture that strong man's agony. He flung himself beside the body, and his voice grew hoarse with pleading for one more look, one single word of forgiveness. Alas! none came.

Years afterwards a grave was dug by stranger hands in a far distant land. None there knew the lonely, broken-hearted man whose last resting place it was, had, when alive, borne the name of Harry Aylmer, and had spent his days ever since that terrible night in vain remorse for that fatal quarrel.

Manipulating the Mandolin.

The mandolin is still driving out the banjo as the reigning fashionable caprice in New York. The only unpleasant feature about it to the learner is the knife-blade-like sharpness of its fine wire strings. Two pairs are wound with German silver, and are not so cruel as the others, but the unwound four, hardly thicker than horsehairs, seem to cut to the bone the finger ends that press them down upon the frets. Of course that pain and trouble ends when each finger of the left hand is tipped with a bony, callous spot, and one must expect some such trouble in forming a close acquaintance with any stringed instrument. When nature has provided that protection, the mandolin player, if an expert, can produce some pleasing effects by producing the tones by percussion on the strings over the frets, instead of by strumming with a bit of tortoise-shell held between the fingers, as the usual method is.

IN A CAVE OF GOLD.

A Bewildering Story of Lost Riches Which Were Searched For For Many Years.

On the northern bordier of the great National park, where rise the towering peaks of the Snow mountains, there has long lived a man known as "The Wanderer." This man has never had, in the many years he has been known to the hunters and trappers of the region, any settled habitation, but has wandered backward and forward through the Snow mountains, apparently ever on the search for something. Scattered through the mountains he has several rude huts in which he sojourned for a few days at a time, only to take up again the weary circle of his endless search. By the men of rifle and trap he has long been considered crazy, and the Indians of the section have evidently thought the same of him, and, with the well-known pity entertained by the red tribes for those mentally afflicted by the Great Spirit, have never molested him in any way. From a hunter and trapper of the Snow mountains, who was in Laramie a few days ago, the scribe learned of the "Wanderer's" singular life and of his death, which took place some two months ago. The old man was found in one of his numerous halting places by a party of hunters several days after his wanderings had ceased forever.

An examination of the papers on his person showed that his had been a madness full of method, and revealed a tale before which the story of Ali Baba and the robbers' cave pales into insignificance. The old man, whose name was ascertained to be Arthur Bethanny, though he had probably not heard it called for a score of years, came to the Snow mountains about twenty-five years ago in the prime and vigor of a youthful manhood. A native of Pennsylvania, his youthful blood had been fired by accounts of the great West, and he had started for the new country, joining an exploring and hunting party at St. Louis. The party penetrated into Wyoming, passed through the Big Horn basin, and in the late fall of 1861 found themselves on the headwaters of the Clarke fork of the Yellowstone. Following up the Clarke fork they soon came upon the cannon of the stream, and, entering it, passed through and came out among the mountains in the confines of the great National park. Here they inaugurated a grand hunt among the mountain game they found so plentiful. One day Bethanny wandered away from the party in pursuit of a bear he had wounded, and followed the trail into the Snow mountains. In a deep and rocky gorge he ran his game to earth, and saw him enter an opening in the side of the gorge. On approaching the opening he saw that it must lead into a cavern of considerable extent, and at once boldly followed the game. He soon found the bear, just dead from its wounds.

But where did he find it? In the midst of a scene of dazzling splendor. The entire interior of the cavern was a mass of virgin gold studded with dazzling gems. From seams overhead there came only a small amount of light and in the semi-obscurity the gems gave forth luminous rays and the pure ore filled the cavern with a golden sheen. Scarcely able to believe the evidence of his senses, Bethanny examined the precious stones of the cavern at first with fear and trembling, and then with the wildest transports of joy. In the narrow, rocky seams which traversed the golden mass of the cavern walls he recognized the diamond's brilliant white, the red flame of the ruby and the flashes of beautiful bluish green peculiar to the turquoise. With head in a whirl and heart beating tumultuously, Bethanny left the gorgeous cavern to tell his comrades of his extraordinary discovery, for there were enough riches there to make them all Rothschilds. But scarcely had he emerged from the cavern when he found himself enveloped in a sudden and whirling mountain snow storm. In vain he tried again to find the cavern entrance, and in his search he must have wandered far away from the locality. All night the storm raged, and when morning broke, cold and gray, he found that he was hopelessly lost. The snow covered the ground to a depth of many inches, and he could neither find the cave nor his way back to his companions. To be brief, he passed the long winter amid the deep mountain snows, and when spring came at last he renewed his search for the cavern of gold and gems, and searched for it until the day he lay down to die, three months ago.

The Measurement of the Year.

The length of the ye is strictly 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 seconds and seven tenths of a second—the time required for the revolution of the earth round the sun. About 45 B. C., Julius Caesar, by the help of Sosigines, an Alexandrian philosopher, came to a tolerably clear understanding of the length of a year, and decreed that every fourth year should be held to consist of 366 days for the purpose of absorbing the odd hours. By this rather clumsy arrangement the natural time fell behind the reckoning, as, in reality, a day every fourth year is too much by 11 minutes, 10 seconds, and three-tenths of a second, so it inevitably followed that the beginning of the year moved onward ahead of the point at which it was in the days of Caesar. From the time of the Council of Nice, in 325 A. D., when the vernal equinox fell correctly on the 21st of March, Pope Gregory found, in 1582 A. D., that there had been an over-reckoning to the extent of 10 days, and that the vernal equinox fell on the 11th of March. To correct the past error, he decreed that the 5th of October of that year should be reckoned as the 15th, and, to keep the year right in future—the overplus being 18 hours, 37 minutes and 10 seconds in a century—he ordered that every centennial year that could not be divided by four (1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200) should not be bissextile, as it otherwise would be; thus, in short, dropping the extra day three times every 400 years. While in Catholic countries the Gregorian style was readily adopted, it was not so in Protestant nations. In Britain it was not adopted until 1752, by which time the discrepancy between the Julian and Gregorian periods amounted to 11 days. An act of parliment was passed dictating that the 3d of September should be reckoned as the 14th, and that three of every four centennial years should be leap years: 1800 not being a leap year, the new and old styles now differ twelve days, our 1st of January being equivalent to the 13th old style. In Russia alone of Christian countries is the old style retained. The old style is still retained in the Treasury accounts of Great Britain. In old times the year was held to begin on the 25th of March, and this usage or piece of antiquity, is also still observed in the computations of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer. So the first day of the financial year is the 5th of April, being "Old Lady Day."

How to Cook Oysters.

A lady who is famous for her oyster cooking, and who has been for years making a collection of choice recipes, contributes a few whose excellence and novelty she can vouch for. A "mock roast" is easy and delicious. The liquor is first drained from the meats and any chance pieces of shell removed; then the oysters are placed in a frying-pan and set upon the fire, where, as fast as the liquor collects it is drawn off. This process is continued until the oysters are done brown, when they are served hot, with fresh butter.

"Little pigs in blankets" are made by first draining the oysters and seasoning with salt and pepper, and then cutting fat bacon into very thin slices and wrapping a big oyster in each slice, fastening it with a wooden skewer—a toothpick is best. The frying-pan must be heated well before the little pigs are put in, and they must be cooked long enough for the bacon to crisp. They are to be served immediately on toast cut into small pieces.

Panned oysters are very nice and are savory and digestible for invalids. The oysters must be drained and bits of shell removed. They must then be put into a hot pan containing a tablespoonful of butter, half a level teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper to a quart of meats, and cooked over a brisk fire until they begin to curl, which will be in five minutes. They can be served hot on toast or eaten plain.

A more elaborate dish is an oyster loaf. Take a stale loaf of bread and cut out the heart of it with a sharp knife, being careful not to break the crust, which must still keep the form of the loaf. Break the crumbs up very fine and dry them slowly in the oven. When dried fry three teacupfuls of them in two tablespoonfuls of hot butter until thay are brown and crisp. Put a quart of cream to boil, and when it boils stir in three spoonfuls of flour which has been mixed with half a cup of cold milk. Cook this a few minutes and season with salt and pepper. It makes a rich cream sauce. Put a layer of this inside the loaf, then a layer of oysters previously seasoned with salt and pepper, then another layer of sauce and one of fried crumbs. Alternate these until the loaf is full, having the last layer a thick one of crumbs. Bake slowly half an hour and serve in a folded napkin or a dish with sprigs of parsley.

Iron pipe is much stiffer for a given weight than solid iron. For a given outside diameter the iron bar will bear he most weigh

HOW PEMMICAN IS MADE.

Two Ways of Preparing It for Use as Food—"Rub-a-Boo" and "Rousseau."

The meat, cut in long flakes from the warm carcass of the buffalo and dried in the sun, is afterward beaten into shreds by flails upon a floor of buffalo hide on the open prairie. The hide is then sewed into a bag, the meat jammed in, the top sewed up all but one corner, into which more meat is crowded, and then the fat, which has meanwhile been tried, is poured in scalding hot, filling every crevice. A species of cranberry is often added with the meat. The whole forms a bolster shaped bag, as solid and as heavy as stone, and in this condition it remains, perhaps for years, until eaten. Each bag weighs from 100 to 120 pounds. One who has tried it will not wonder that it was once used in the turmoils of the contests between the Northwest and Hudson Bay companies to form a redoubt, armed with two swivel guns.

There are two ways of preparing this—one called "rub-a-boo," when it is boiled in a great deal of water, and makes a soup; the other more favorite dish is "rousseau," when it is thrown into a frying pan, fried in its own fat, with the addition, perhaps, of a little salt pork, and mixed with a small amount of flour or broken biscuit. But sometimes, when philosophers are hard put to it, and forced to take their meal in the canoe, the pemmican is eaten raw; chopped out of the bag with a hatchet, and accompanied simply by the biscuit, which has received the sobriquet of "Red river granite." These wonderful objects, as large as sea biscuit, are at least three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and against them the naturalist's geological hammer is always brought into requisition.

But the "infidel dish," as rousseau is termed, is by comparison with the others palatable, though it is even then impossible to so disguise it as to avoid the suggestion of tallow candles; and this and the leathery, or india rubber, structure of the meat are its chief disqualifications. But even rosseau may lose its charms when taken as a steady diet three times a day for weeks, especially when it is served in a frying pan, and, breakfast or dinner over, one sees the remenants with the beef or pork all hustled together in the boiling kettle; the biscuit, broken bannocks and unwashed cups placed in the bread bag; the plates, knives and forks tossed into the meat dish; and all, combined in the ample folds of an old bit of gunny cloth, which has served daily at once as dishcloth and tablecloth, thrown into the canoe to rest until the next meal, when at last Billy finds time to wash the dishes—the tablecloth never.

Wells in India.

Wells are naturally greatly prized in the hot, arid parts of India, and many Hindoos earn great renown by making them where they are much needed. Some religious people seek for merit in the construction of large wells in public throughfares and other places for the purpose of supplying travellers with water. Very often people use them for irrigating their fields. A large well, built of strong masonry, with a circular white smooth platform round it for people to sit on when they draw or drink water, costs from 2,000 to 3,000 rupees. Even the wants of the brute creation are not overlooked by the Hindoos. They made reservoirs of strong masonry, about five or six yards long and a yard wide, adjoining a well, and in the hot season these are always kept filled with water. Returning from pasture or from the fields in the forenoon for repose, and retiring at dusk for the night, whole droves of cows, bullocks, buffaloes and goats slake their thirst here. Land-owners and wealthy men vie with each other in constructing these wells and reservoirs; and princes sometimes imitate the example of their opulent subjects. The average cost of an ordinary well has been estimated to be about three or four hundred rupees. Of course it varies not only according to the depth of water and kind of soil, but also to the kind of labor employed. Some peasants, who, with members of their own families make wells themselves, have been known to have constructed them, especially where the water is near the surface, at a trifling cost of 100 rupees each. Nevertheless, even in those parts of the country where the cost is very moderate, the wells are insufficient. Wells have been objects of great endearment with some villagers. Not satisfied with wasting time and money in their own and their children's marriages and in those of idols and trees, they sometimes marry wells with great pomp and ceremony. In some parts of the country wells are worshipped, and votive offerings are often seen lying near them

LEAD MINERS.

Isolation of This Class of English Toilers.

The pay of the miner has had its peculiarity. By the fathom of ground worked, or by the "bing" of lead produced, it was impossible to measure the work done by a company of miners very often, hence the wages settlements were not frequent, and there was a custom of paying a given weekly sum on account—a sum which had the graphic name of "subsistence money." With settlements thus delayed, some of the miners necessarily ran accounts long with tradesmen; and if the lead was found in less quantities than had been expected, and the settlement yielded nothing to the miner, the debt would perforce go on from time to time and cases have been known of men who lived long and died in debt, while others have been recorded in which unexpected mining success enabled a miner to clear off the debt of years—his own, and even that of a father. The writer has been a shopkeeper in a mining village received from a miner several pounds in clearance of a debt incurred years before by a stepfather, who had passed away from mines and debts.

There is comparative isolation of the miners, owing to the nature and the location of the work and that isolation has led to the preservation of customs that have passed away elsewhere and led to the retention of dialects and localisms in speech. Modes of speech are quaint; olden words are retained, and at times peculiar methods of description of individuals needed where there are many scions of similarly named families; and in some of the places of worship, especially when "supplied" by local preachers, there are indications of the quaintness and of old customs. In places the choir is still aided by fiddle and bassoon; the preacher will employ a dialect that puzzles the unaccustomed to follow it, and the singing has more heart than melody. But in the dales it is certain that much of the religious life is due to the efforts, unwearied and unpaid, of these local preachers. In the schools, too, often begun by the proprietors of the mines, there are the indications of the comparative poverty of some of the people, of the varying dialects, and of the patient struggle in the "hard times" that so often fall on the lead miners; for, of late, Spanish and American "cheap labor" have done much to ruin the lead trade by flooding this country with lead often rich in silver, and therefore preferred to that of our own dales.

Demand for a Smaller Coin.

There is a growing demand in Brooklyn, N. Y. for a smaller coin than the cent. The little red coin has traveled west until it has reached the shores of the Pacific, where it may be said to meet the brass cash of Cathay, and no smaller coin is needed in the west. But here a half-cent would tend to prevent waste among the poorer people. Thus there are plenty of toys which are retailed at 1 cent each which could be, and would be, profitably sold at half a cent. One must buy an even number of pounds of sugar and an even number of some kind of goods, or lose half a cent. It will sound mean to some people to hear one complain of the loss of half a cent, but the old Scotch proverb about wilful waste and woeful want can not be ignored. "The standard coin of France is the franc," said a Frenchman to me, "and it is as big a coin as a dollar is here. That is because we have also the centime—a fifth of your cent. It would make America richer to give the people a half-cent coin."

The Theatres of Berlin.

The cost of the royal theatres in Berlin, including the opera-house, during the last twelve months has reached the sum of two and a half million marks. The Emperor's yearly contribution out of his privy purse is 450,000 marks; but in addition to this he also pays the deficit, which is very considerable. The non-remunerative portions of the royal theatre system are the opera and the ballet. The legitimate stage always yields a handsome surplus. All the members of the royal family have their boxes, for which they regularly pay the due annual rent, although some of them do not once enter the theatres during the season. For every special imperial performance the Emperor invariably pays the whole cost. These performances take place at the visits of foreign princes to Berlin, great parades, and public celebrations. The failure of the opera to pay its way is due in a great part to the tremendous wages of singing folk. Herr Niemann, the tenor, has to appear for forty-eight evenings during six months, and for each evening he has an honorarium of 750 marks. This equals 36,000 marks a year.